



IMPROVEMENTS AT THE ZOO.

IT IS URGED THAT BETTER PROVISION SHOULD BE MADE FOR DIVING BIRDS.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE plot of *The Intriguers*, by THOMAS COBB (NASH) is simple "*comme bon jour*," and is worked out to its final climax mainly by dialogue of dramatic terseness in style, but occasionally at too great length. Practically it is a comedy; the action being carried on by five principals, whose marked individuality is consistently maintained throughout, and yet the *dénouement* is of the nature of a cleverly-planned surprise. This particular COBB, as a mount up to weight, that is, for gentle exercise, receives hereby a warrant from the Baron.

MISS MAY CROMMELIN has frequently deserved the Baron's praise, and his Occasional Peruser of novels thinks her latest, *Crimson Lilies* (LONG), worthy of commendation, albeit the plot is a well-worn one, dealing with the fortunes and misfortunes of a kidnapped heroine. She meanders, however, through MISS CROMMELIN's pages quite refreshingly, and her adventures are of an exceedingly exciting description. The closing chapters of this book, with their descriptions of contemporary Jerusalem, are very good indeed. The literary "promise of MAY" is considerable.

My Baronite, reading *The Circle* (BLACKWOOD), positively forgot it was his duty to write about it, and gave himself up unthinkingly to the spell of the story. That fate of a hoary reviewer is the highest compliment that can be paid to Mrs. THURSTON. Her maiden effort in fiction is a remarkable one, stamped by the hand of original genius, instinct with great power. Whilst the *dramatis personæ* are real flesh and blood—some of it very warm blood—the surroundings and the style of treatment are singularly fresh. My

Baronite does not particularly care for Mrs. Maxted, by whom Mrs. THURSTON evidently sets great store. Nor does he quite understand the influence over the heroine established and sustained by the deformed Russian Jew. But Anna herself is finely conceived, and admirably delineated, as is her old father, with his faint, far-off suggestion of the proprietor of another *Old Curiosity Shop*. Mrs. THURSTON has the rare gift of describing a moving scene with a reticence that powerfully brings out its intensity. This is seen in the brief chapter where the heroine's affianced, all unconscious of her identity, relates the deformed Jew's narrative of how she left her home, forsaking her father. It appears again in a later chapter where Anna returns and hangs over her father's bedside, he, nearing death, believing it is his beloved wife come back to him. *The Circle* is a notable performance, full of promise of even greater things.

If in *The Seven Secrets* (kept by HUTCHINSON & Co., but probably "let out" by MUDIE), Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX has not out-Conan'd DOYLE, nor out-Gaboriau'd GABORIAU, he has at least succeeded in building up a most cunningly-devised mystery, so stimulating to the curiosity that not even the sound of "the tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell," is likely to be heeded by its completely absorbed reader. And, on an out-and-out sensational novel, where the original motive for the crime is lost in a quick succession of most exciting mysteries, what greater praise can be bestowed than that above expressed by the not-very-easily pleased

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

LORD HUGH CECIL is said to be preparing a bill "to amend the law relating to ecclesiastical suits." This question of official uniforms is becoming a nuisance.

HOW TO GET ON.

No. VIII.—BETWEEN THE SHAFTS OF A HANSOM CAB.

IN our early youth, I suppose, we have all been horses. Comfortably traced and reined, but not bitted or bridled, we have shaken the Kensington Gardens with the two-footed sound of our hoofs. Lashed, but not beyond the limits of becoming mirth, by an elder brother, we have felt something of the wild, free, untamable spirit that animates the cab-horse of the London streets—that has, in fact, made British cab-horses what they are. Those were glorious, never-to-be-forgotten moments, and, although since that time we have ceased to be equine, some trace of the mustang must always lurk in our natures and sustain us during the struggles of maturer life. I may assume, therefore, that in speaking of horses I appeal to those who know what it is to be a horse, and that I am assured at the outset of their sympathy. Moreover, there remains the possibility, which not even that great theologian, the German EMPEROR, will deny, that in some dim future state it may be our soul's lot to inform a tenement of clay possessing hocks, pasterns, withers, forehand, quarters, stifle, mane and forelock—all the outward signs, in short, that go to the making of a horse. It will obviously be better for us that we should realise at once all that is involved in the life of one who draws burdens over the varying pavements of our streets.

Certainly that life is not an easy one. No self-respecting horse would, if the choice were given to him, consent to drag a hansom, for there are inconveniences and surprises about a hansom that no other vehicle can equal. Bury Street, for instance, and Duke Street and York Street are pitched at an incline that makes it impossible for a horse to walk or trot down their declivities. If he is to perform well and maintain his upright position he must be an accomplished Alpinist—and few horses are this either by nature or by inclination. It is a study in expression to watch the face and attitude of a nervous man inside a hansom that is glissading down the slopes of St. James's. His lips part, his brow wrinkles into agony, his feet strive against the doors as he essays to stem the downward speed of his cab, and his hands clutch vainly at the windows and the sides. If he, who is unburdened, is agitated by so painful an emotion, what must be the feelings of his sliding horse endeavouring to sustain himself against the shifting weight of cab and fare and driver? Then, too, there is something miraculously sudden about the collapse of a hansom. One moment it is erect, vehicular and defiant. There comes a whisper, a puff of wind or a misplaced hoof, and in the twinkling of an eye the horse is down, the cab is tilted ludicrously forward, and fare and driver execute parabolas through the air. In truth the hansom is a very inconvenient carriage.

A long experience has led me to realise that there are certain root-principles on which the driving of a hansom must be conducted. These I propose to set down:—

1. If a horse is plainly doing his best along the level it is always advisable to flog him severely. This shows him that, however strong and courageous he may be, he has a master who is always watching over him and is determined to stand no nonsense.

2. If a cab is stopped by an impenetrable block of omnibuses, carts, and other cabs, the horse must be flogged. There is no other way of expressing a free-born Briton's annoyance at an impediment to progress.

3. As a sub-principle to the above two it may be stated that if a fare is sufficiently ill-advised to protest against the flogging of a horse he must be punished by being driven at a snail's pace for the rest of the way, and the horse must be lashed again as soon as the fare has departed.

4. If a driver takes a wrong turning and has to come back, the horse must be flogged. As the driver is presumably an intelligent man, it is impossible that the fault should be his. It must therefore be the horse's, and since no fault can go unpunished the horse, as I have said, must be flogged.

5. If a horse is going down hill and doing his best to bear up against the weight, it is generally advisable to flog him pretty briskly. This encourages him and relieves his driver.

6. If a cab, incautiously driven, collides with another cab or with the kerb-stone, the driver must immediately use his whip in order to persuade people that it was the horse and not he that made the mistake.

7. If a horse moves slowly because he is (a) sick and weak, (b) lame, or (c) absolutely tired out by hard work, he must be flogged, because it is a horse's duty to move, not merely as fast as he can, but as fast as his driver wants him to move. If his driver wants him to move faster than he can, that is no excuse, for the driver is the only proper judge of the pace necessary.

8. If a horse is lame, he must remember that lameness is no merit, and calls for no special indulgence.

9. A sore mouth in a horse is best cured by tugging jerkily at the reins. Thus the antiseptic properties of the bit are brought into play.

10, and last. If a horse slips upon greasy pavement he must be well whipped. This will teach the weather not to send rain.

These are the chief principles that I have been able to gather with sufficient clearness to enable me to propound them for the information of those whose fate may in the revolving course of many years turn them into hansom-cab horses. When they are safely between the shafts they will remember that they were duly warned of what was in store for them. They must not expect that any of the rules will be relaxed for them, unless, as is possible, the soul of a former cab-horse shall have come to inhabit the shell of a cabby. In that case, rigid justice may perhaps be mitigated by a foolish mercy that declines to flog.

THE ELIMINATION OF THE SUPERFLUOUS.

[“More store is now set upon the descriptive article than on columns of stodgy reports.”—“*Gangway Gleanings*,” in the “*World*.”]

WHEN senators in solemn session sit

To ponder over many a weighty matter,
Where one side always coruscates with wit,
And all the other says is idle chatter,
Thither are picturesque reporters sent
To mirror for us every incident.

You pay your halfpenny, and then can view,
At choice, your party through a mystic glamour,
Or hold in righteous scorn the rival crew—
An abject Babel of discordant clamour;
Marvel at your own leaders, or deride
The fatuous drivell of the other side.

They chronicle how orthodoxy dwells
In mellow tones, rich diction, graceful gesture;
They read uprightness in a coat's lapels,
Vice in a scarf, and virtue in a vesture;
Fill half a column with a Premier's pose
Or a Colonial Secretary's nose.

There HARCOURT, BALFOUR, CHAMBERLAIN, C.-B.,
Coloured to taste as heroes or as wretches,
Are set before us so that all may see,
Drawn to the life in these descriptive sketches,
Where everything is told us, day by day,
About our orators but—what they say.



THE MACEDONIAN PRESCRIPTION.

ABDUL HAMID (to DOCTORS NICOLAS and FRANZ JOSEF). "THANK YOU SO MUCH! I'LL HAVE THIS MADE UP, AND—ER—(aside) PUT IT AWAY WITH THE OTHERS!"





Jones. "HEAVY GOING, EH?"

Tomkins (from town). "YES. WHAT WILL IT BE LIKE COMING BACK?"

PRODUCTION OF MR. JABBERJEE'S PLAY.

(Described by the Author himself.)

II.

Tuesday Evening.—I am just returned from the final rehearsal of my Tragedy, which Mr. CHESEBOROUGH DUCROW indulgently pronounces to "shape very well indeed"—notwithstanding that the Company are still unable to repeat their dialogues and monologues *verbatim*, except by reading slavishly from written texts.

However, they are to commit them accurately to memory this evening, and are confident that, when they know their lines by heart, the business and appropriate gesticulations (in which they are, at present, somewhat abstemious) are to follow as the matter of course.

It is highly gratifying that they are all brimful of enthusiasm for my *magnum opus*: I have made the discovery that the majority have actually parted with considerable sums to Mr. DUCROW for the privilege of performing therein

—whereas for enacting more ordinary dramas it is customary to demand some pecuniary *honorarium*!

Moreover, each of them secretly expresses regret that he (or she, as the case may be) has not a still lengthier part to perform. Miss ENID TITTENSOR is severely chagrined that she does not appear at all until the latter moiety of Act II., and has made the rather disinterested suggestion that I might introduce her with Mr. Clerval into Mr. Frankenstein's Study in Act I., and, as the characters of Venerable De Lacey, Felix, Agatha, and Safie the Fair Turkish, are mere superfluities, I should remodel their scene by substituting herself and Old Syndicate Frankenstein; also that she could surely be permitted to accompany Mr. Frankenstein in his dog-sledge when engaged in chase of *Monster*. But she forgets that this is totally impracticable—seeing that she will by that period have already been barbarously booked to Stygian Shades by strangulation!

Miss DAPHNE VANSITTART advises me (confidentially) that Miss TITTENSOR is the sole weak spot, and that I am to pull the play together by cutting out Elizabeth and the Fair

Turkish in toto, and making herself, as *Agatha*, the sole heroine and fiancée to Mr. *Frankenstein*. On the other hand, Miss *POTT* (who is the *Fair Safie*) marvels that I cannot see that *Safie* is the female character in the play, and counsels me (as a candid friend) to exclude the other two, and rewrite the last Act so as to exhibit her in greater prominence.

The Gentleman-Actors have similarly hinted in my private ear that the only defect in the piece is that it contains "too much jaw," and that every part (except the speaker's own) should be immediately subjected to wholesale cuttings. All very fine—but I am not a Native Deity or hundred-handed Hydra that I can write parts simultaneously to suit all tastes!

I cannot prevail upon Mr. *OSRIC BELSIZE* (the *Monster*) to assume a mask, even of moderate ill-favouredness, as he pleads that it would allow him no scope for facial contortions.

He consented to try the stilts, provided that I first instructed him by personal example how to promenade on such appliances—but, after a shocking fall into Mr. *DUROW*'s coalscuttle-box, causing agonising lacerations to my bridge of nose, I joined issue with him that these mechanisms are too dangerously unstable for tragic purposes, and it is now settled that he is to increase his altitude by elevating his bootheels.

Mr. *DUROW* reports that, by unexampled good luck, there are already stocked sceneries at the Royal Oak Theatre which might have been expressly designed for my Tragedy, and are to fit it like a glove! He is providing what he terms the "props," and collecting curs for the dogsledges. They are not, it seems, of pure *Esquimaux* breeding, but can be faked up so as to escape being detected across the foot-lamps.

I am greatly surprised that no applications for admission-tickets have reached me up-to-date. As I understand that the Royal Oak Theatre is not of Leviathan dimensions, it is possible that procrastinating *Punch* readers who propose to book their entrances by payment at doors may find the worms have been already snapped up by earlier birds! But I have arranged with Mr. *DUROW* that the Honble Editor, on presentation of his pasteboard, is to be ushered (if no room elsewhere) into my own private authorial box.

The following has been elaborated from actual *MS.* notes jotted down by self in said box during the progress of my grand *matinée*, and will certainly afford more correct notions to the absentee Public than any perfunctory official descriptions.

Wednesday, 2.45 P.M.—Curtain not yet ascended. *Cui bono?*—since only an inconsiderable percentage of spectators have taken their seats. Orchestra, consisting of an unaccompanied piano, is now performing (for the third time) a composition describing a Bee and a Honeysuckle counter-changing lovesick endearments. Cannot identify Honble Editor in the auditorium, which consists mostly of middle-aged females in rather dowdy attires, accompanied by juveniles of tender years. Hope the latter may not be too fearfully appalled by the *Monster*. . . . Have been to ascertain whether Editor of *Punch* has been carelessly left to cool his heels in Entrance-lobby. It seems he is not yet arrived, and will now, I fear, be too late for commencement.

2.55.—Drama commenced—twenty-five minutes behind the time-table! I cannot at all think that such a stock scenery as a drawing-room apartment, with glazed doors opening into a conservatory, is appropriate to a "Laboratory Cell in the University of Ingolstadt,"—nor do I perceive a single stuffed crocodile!

Opening facetious *badinage* by *Lischen* and *Frischen* has encountered a very half-hearted reception, since two-

thirds of their dialogue was forgotten, and the remainder inaudible. Yet I was given to understand they were both B.A.'s! . . . Mr. *SILLIPHANT*, as *Frankenstein*, cuts a fine figure in his scholastic mortarcap and robes—but is still of rather too venerable appearance for any College-student. Professors *Krempe* and *Waldman*, on the contrary, are of over-gawky juvenility—though (I suppose) correctly costumed in cloven hats of Alpine pattern and dressing-gowns.

A pity that spectators who are afflicted by severe bronchial catarrhs should not take the simple precaution of providing themselves with a few coughdrops, instead of barking like a show of dogs!

Mr. *Frankenstein* has commenced to work his galvanical apparatus. I am annoyed that Mr. *DUROW* could not supply some more scientific instrument than a mere chaffgrinding machine! However, the apparition of the *Monster* is certain to produce shuddering sensations. I wish Honble Editor would turn up—I would attend punctually for any of his Tragedies!

The *Monster* has entered—but is received with utmost apathy, the audience remaining cold as a frog! How could he expect to provoke a squeak from the most timorous, when he has presented himself in a skyblue velvet suit, knee-breechings and silk stockings (as worn by his photo in *Masks and Facings*), with the addition of a golden wig, and cheeks blooming like a freshly opened rose? Also he is not nearer Heaven by the altitude of a single chopine! Very logically the spectators are at a total loss to comprehend the excessive funkiness of Mr. *Frankenstein* at beholding such a jack-a-dandy and popinjay.

Henry *Clerval* proves himself the utter nincompoop, and certain lively young hobbardehoys, who have recently penetrated into the Pit, are earnestly exhorting him that he is to speak up. His sensational tussle with Mr. *Frankenstein* turns out to be no great shakes, and I am sincerely thankful that such a beetlehead has no further part in my Drama, except to be butchered in Ireland between the Acts!

3.40.—Owing to complete failure of moonshine, the jibberings of *Monster* at window have produced but a so-so effect, though it is true that they excited a few of the hobbardehoys to horrified exclamations. . . .

Now that the Curtain is dropped, I shall first endeavour to discover what has become of Honble Editor—after which I am resolved to go behind the scenery and insist with a high hand that, before appearing again, the *Monster* is to render himself rather more of a repulsive.

[Notes on remaining Acts unavoidably postponed till next week.]
H. B. J.

THE NOISES OF LONDON.

(Further Police Regulations.)

ANY cock, dog or cat crowing, barking or mewing near any gentleman's house, to be at once caught and removed by the police. Any cock, dog or cat found loitering with intent to crow, bark or mew to be treated as above.

Every perambulator to be fitted with adjustable lid, to be closed down by the police if the child screams or performs on a trumpet, drum or mouth-organ.

The police to enter forcibly any house containing a parrot or canary whose voice can be heard from the street; and to draw over the cage of such bird a hood of baize provided for that purpose.

All milk-cans to be coated with thick india-rubber inside and out; and no milkman to speak above a whisper.

The deaf-and-dumb alphabet to be a compulsory subject in every school in the United Kingdom; and no other language to be used in the streets of London and suburbs.

MOTOR-GUYS.

["Why must a driver of an automobile look like a mountain goat in order to keep in the fashion?" asks a correspondent who writes to the *Daily Express*. The growing weirdness of motoring clothes, he asserts, makes the wearer such a fearsome object that some reform is urgent.]

Why must the stylish motorist
Look like a mountain goat?
(Few animals could e'er exist
In so hirsute a coat!)

Why must the wilful motor-man
Impersonate a bear,
The grizzliest, shaggiest that he can,
In point of outdoor wear?

Why must our scorching plutocrats
Contrive to imitate
Skye-terriers with their hair in mats
Of most bedraggled state?

Why need the wild *chauffeur*, I ask,
Outvie the chimpanzee,
With goggle-eyes and hideous mask
That makes one ill to see?

As to the ladies—p'raps 'twere well
To spare profane remark,
And not to draw a parallel
With inmates of the Ark!

I don't know what's the right reply—
Is it perchance to scare
From off the road each passer-by,
Such clothes our motists wear?

CHARIVARIA.

PURE milk may be a permanent feature of London before very long. The water supply for the Metropolis is declared to be nearing exhaustion.

Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE has published a pamphlet drawing attention to some of the dangers to be found in our everyday food, and many prudent persons have decided to give up eating.

A number of young ladies at Guildford have formed themselves into an Anti-Man Association. Their Club House is to be called "The Spinsters' Retreat." This is clever, as it suggests that they have been pursued.

It is said that, with a view to increasing the sale of our Blue Books, more attractive titles are to be supplied, and a second edition of the Blue Book on Venezuela will be issued immediately under the name of *How We Muddled Through*.

A protest is about to be lodged by the Aborigines' Protection Society against the proposed Motor Car Race in Ireland, on the ground that that country is already sufficiently depopulated.



OVERHEARD DURING ONE OF OUR RECENT STORMY DAYS.

"WHAT CHEER, MATEY! DOIN' ANY BUSINESS?"

"GARN! WOT YER GETTIN' AT? I AIN'T 'ERE TO DO BUSINESS. I'M TAKIN' THE HOPEN HAIR TREATMENT!"

The Emperor WILLIAM has expressed himself as a believer in the doctrine of Continuous Revelation. He finds this the only way to account for himself.

The War Commission is to be attacked in Parliament. A measure for putting a stop to secret commissions will be introduced this Session.

American Humourists have formed a club exclusively for Humourists. The others insisted on it.

At a dinner given by those interested in the Essex and Kent Oyster Beds it was declared impossible for oysters in

those beds to be infected by sewage. Oysters from the west coast of Ireland were eaten at the dinner.

The mismanagement of the Zoo is attracting attention. Among other things the arrangements in the event of a conflagration are stated to be inadequate. Supposing the giraffe caught fire, there is no escape on the premises long enough to reach to the top of him.

Mr. BRODRICK's triumph in the House of Commons has been described by a Radical journal as "A Paper Victory." This is an unusually handsome concession to the rival Press.

THE UNHAPPY WARRIOR.

[In these lines, after WORDSWORTH, the term "Warrior" is employed with sympathetic reference to the Rt. Hon. ST. JOHN BRODRICK in his capacity as War Minister rather than as a Member of the Auxiliary Forces or an Expert in German Manœuvres.]

Who is the unhappy Warrior? Who is he
That any babe in arms would loathe to be?
It is the statesman called to fill a place
Big with the fortunes of a fighting race;
Who, in a ticklish time of public panic,
Must show a courage rigidly Titanic;
Must permanently cure the public's fears
By schemes designed to mock the changing years;
Must, in the meantime, while the need is hot,
Produce a countless army on the spot,
And, having somehow stemmed the tide of war,
Say what the deuce he wants an army for!

The diffident recruit 'tis his to get,
Bribed by a shilling absolutely *net*.
He must allure the loafer off the street
With menus full of tasty things to eat;
And amplify the two-year veteran's pay
To the extent of sixpence down a day.
He is supposed to expedite our forces
By mounting half the infantry on horses;
And let the patient Volunteer aspire
To play with weapons warranted to fire;
And through our batteries make a sweeping change
In the direction of a longer range,
So that our marksmanship may grow precise,
And shots arrive by bouncing only twice!
These schemes it is his privilege to float
With merely one dissentient Tory vote;
And lastly, having done the Imperial will,
To get abused for sending in the bill!

Scarce had the dream of Empire come to birth,
With talk about the "lordliest life on earth,"
With cries for just "a man with heart, head, hand,"
"One still, strong man" amid "a blatant land"
(In *Maud* these latter phrases may be read;
The speaker, further on, went off his head)—
Scarce, as I say, had England learned to know
With such a realm what claims and duties go,
And reached the ripe conclusion, being alarmed,
That who would hold his own must be forearmed,
And not prepare himself to join the fray
Three months or so behind the opening day—
Scarce had she grasped this elemental view
And begged of somebody to help her through—
When, lo, the lingering war contrived to cease,
And she could sit and roll her thumbs in peace;
Unbend her mind, not greatly used to think,
Regret the money filched from food and drink,
Resume the less elusive arts of trade,
And leave her larger purpose clean mislaid.

Alas! unhappy Warrior! how it warps his
Sweet temper when they carp at Army corpses,
Or mention Empire as a thing to keep
Only if you can run it on the cheap,
Or kindly show him how to spare expense
By making Volunteers our sole defence,
Urging that business men might well employ
A willing class that serves for simple joy;
And then invest the balance in the fleet,
A sound insurance, very bad to beat.
Picture him, how he must enjoy to sit
And hear himself described as short of wit

Because some subtle First-of-April jest
Smites on his brain and leaves him unimpressed;
While such a lively sense of humour lurks
Within the House for which the Warrior works
That it resents the petty toll's increase
For training armies up in times of peace,
Yet wants them—when the sudden need is there—
To leap, in polished myriads, out of air!

Alas! unhappy Warrior! this is he
That any babe in arms would loathe to be. O. S.

PRINCE AND PEASANT;

OR, THE STORY OF A PECCANT PRINCE AND A WEAK
WAITING-MAID.

IN *TOLSTOY'S Resurrection*, adapted by MESSRS. BATAILLE and MORTON, Mr. BEERBOHM TREE has a fine drama, the success of which is beyond all question. Perfectly placed on the stage, nothing of local colour is wanting to the picturesqueness of tableaux and costumes. It is not, however, merely to its setting, admirably artistic as it is in every detail, that the piece owes the complete success it has achieved; it is to the human interest of the story, simply told in strong dramatic situations, and to its forcibly individualised characters, perfectly portrayed as they are by Miss LENA ASHWELL as *Katusha*, and Mr. BEERBOHM TREE as *Prince Dmitry Nehludof*.

On these two all depends; in these two the entire interest is centred; nor does it seem too bold to affirm that, of all the parts Mr. TREE has undertaken, it is in this, his latest assumption, that he appears to the greatest advantage. He gives us the careless, impulsive young officer, concealed as a handsome youth might well be who, as may be gathered from certain allusions in the dialogue, has had the character of a *Don Juan* thrust upon him by *femmes galantes*, from Arch-Duchesses to still archer ballet-dancers. His motto is that of the French student's familiar chorus, "*O les femmes! les femmes! il n'y a que ça!*" and consequently, having nothing particular to do, on the occasion of his visit "for one night only" to the old country house of his excellent aunts, *Sonia* and *Mary* (Mrs. EDWARD SAKER and Mrs. BENNETT) he renews a flirtation with an attractive orphan, the peasant girl *Katusha* (Miss LENA ASHWELL), who, having been educated and partially adopted by the two elderly ladies above-mentioned, serves them as chambermaid, upper housemaid, and "general" assistant to an old servant, one *Tickon* (delightful name! so suggestive of not getting his wages regularly paid, *Tickon* on tick, Mr. ALLEN THOMAS), representing butler, boots, housekeeper, and several other domestics. *Katusha* doesn't want much pressing, but she gets it from the seductive *militaire*, who, the next morning, is off to the wars, throwing to the winds the memory of "a night's romance," which to him is only like a leaf in a packet of cigarette papers, torn out, used, and chucked away. Alas! into the gutter.

After ten years, *Prince Dmitry* finds himself one of a jury empanelled to try *Katusha* for robbery and murder. Then follows the awakening: the Prince sets himself to atone for the irreparable; the woman, reclaimed, shows her love by self-sacrifice. She will not marry him: she will let him go his way; he has revived her love and he will live in her memory: that is sufficient. But—the fact is regrettable—both are going to be married to somebody else.

In these phases of character, from a state of virgin innocence to one of the drabbiest vice, Miss LENA ASHWELL gives proof of her great dramatic power. From pure-minded, simple, and attractive, to foul-minded, suspicious, and

repulsive, she has to leap within the limits of a wait of ten minutes between the Acts.

It is a wonderful performance: excellent for both of them, for neither character is complete without the other. Let either fail, and no effort on the part of the other could make the piece a success.

Mr. LIONEL BROUGH, consummate artist that he is, stands out among the rest, in a scene well played by all, as the nameless jurymen who honestly objects. Miss HELEN FERRERS, Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS, Miss OTWAY OLDFIELD, lend their charm to a Russian Drawing-Room, and we are sorry that our introduction to them is but momentary.

There are two situations which, but for the play catching on at once, would have been hazardous: one of them is when an English M.P. (I think he is introduced as this) appears in a Russian Drawing-Room as a gentleman who is going to lecture, but only "stands on" to be severely lectured by Mr. TREE; and the other is where Mr. TREE, on beholding the prisoner *Katusha* excited by drink and grasping the *vodka* bottle, says calmly, "I no longer see the woman before me, but the spirit!"—which is perfectly evident; and that not a laugh was heard in the house showed how completely the play and its exponents had mastered the audience. His Majesty's has so strong a drama, and one so well acted, as to make a prediction of its long run a fair certainty.

MANNERS FOR MUSICAL AT HOMES.

II.

Don't blunder about among the music stands—things admirably contrived for tripping up the unwary. Should you get entangled with one, however, and in such a way as to bring yourself and it crashing down into the performer's violoncello, leave all vituperative display to the owner of the instrument.

Don't, when singing, if you are standing behind the accompanist, keep hold of his ears all the time, and seek to indicate your wishes by tugs and jerks. It distracts his attention from the copy.

Don't, during a lullaby or plaintive ballad, get up a fierce battle between Fido and the cat, and never seek to divert the company by firing paper pellets into the singer's mouth.

Don't, if your emotions are appealed to by some pathetic little trifle, bellow or give way to violent grief. If you cannot stifle your sobs by burying your face in the rug, leave the room until you have recovered self-control.

Don't be grumpy and sit brooding in a corner all the evening because your hostess does not ask you for a song. Her omission may not arise from the



"WILLIE ONE DAY PERSUADED PA TO PLAY BARBERS. WHEN IT WAS PA'S TURN TO HAVE HIS HAIR CUT, WILLIE PICKED UP A STYRON FROM THE SIDEBBOARD AND USED IT AS A SPRAY. IT IS A LONG WHILE NOW SINCE PA PLAYED BARBERS." [From Tommy's letter to a School-mate.]

thought that you cannot sing, but from the knowledge that you do.

Don't, if you know a good anecdote, put it forth during a piano solo—the pianist may like to hear it too. Wait patiently until peace reigns over the assembly. If your anecdote is a poor one, continue waiting.

Don't be outlandish in your musical tastes. A good plan when invited out, if you favour the accordion, pandean pipes, or double bassoon, is to leave your instrument at home. A long list, in fact, could be compiled of instruments which should nearly always be left at home.

My final "don'ts" are levelled at late comers and early leavers. To the former I would say, don't, while a song is being executed, burst noisily into the room and insist then and there upon

shaking hands with your hostess. In cases where she herself is the soloist, you will put her off her stroke, and even if she has the presence of mind to sing her words of greeting, it is twenty to one if they make rhyme or reason with the context of the poem.

To early leavers I would offer similar advice and say, don't flounder away in the middle of a musical item. Where you have failed to escape before its commencement, exercise a giant control until the final chords bring release.

To seek escape by the window is cowardly, save where the music-room is not on the ground floor—then it is fool-hardy.

HOLLOW-GROUND Razors, 25 c., just in from England. Get one, they won't last long.—Advt. in *Vancouver News*.



SCENE—A Country Drawing-Room.

Visitor (to Old Lady and Daughters, one of whose hobbies is the keeping of a small herd of Jerseys). "BY THE WAY, I DIDN'T SEE YOU AT OUR LOCAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW."
 Daughter. "Oh, no! WE NEVER GO UNLESS WE EXHIBIT OURSELVES."

THE LOST LEADER.

["Capt. KETTLE," now the Rev. Sir OWEN KETTLE, K.C.B., has definitely retired into private life, greatly regretted by all who knew him.]

LATTER-DAY DRAKE (with a liberal dash of the late lamented KIDD).

Long have I followed your bright career, thrilled at the deeds you did;

Long have I watched you pace your bridge, resolute, daring, smart;

You were a friend in my every mood—and now we have got to part.

Long have I helped you range the globe through many a varied scene,

Through troublous times afloat and ashore, keeping your ticket clean.

From Floridan creek to the Congo's stream, in a hundred stirring frays,

You taught me all I shall ever know of the sea and the sailor's ways.

Ah, the salt-sea smell, and the hiss of the foam, and the throb of the whirling screw!

Oft have we battled side by side with a villainous, cut-throat crew;

And now with a gibe and an acid sneer, and now with a well-judged shot,

Taught them exactly who was who, precisely what was what.

To run a blockade or to poach a pearl—those were the jobs for us;

Our motto a maximum of work with a minimum of fuss.

The foe might rage or the engines fail, the ship might break in two,

With you at my side I was undismayed; I knew you would see me through.

You were not built for the joys of peace, your business is on the sea;

The bridge of a tramp is the place for you, my reverend K.C.B.

You were not born to be slothful, sleek, a payer of tax and rate.

Leave such a life to lesser men—yours is a nobler fate.

Out once more in your rakish craft, travel the wide world through;

Girdle the earth from shore to shore, from China to Peru.

Where glittering icebergs rear their peaks, where the tropical sun-dart flames,

Let the welkin ring with your pistol's crack, let it roar with your crisp "By James!"



“THE MEN IN BUCKRAM.”

Falstaff . . . RIGHT HON. ST. J-HN BR-DR-CK.

Prince Hal . . . RIGHT HON. SIR H. C-MPB-LL-B-NS-RM-N.

Poins . . . RIGHT HON. H. H. ASQ-TH.

FALSTAFF. “SIX ARMY CORPS, BY THESE HILTS; OR I AM A VILLAIN ELSE.”

PRINCE HAL. “PRITHEE LET HIM ALONE. WE SHALL HAVE MORE ANON.”

King Henry the Fourth, Act II., Scene 4.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Feb. 23.—Proceedings to-night not wholly satisfactory to PRINCE ARTHUR, nor pleasing to our CARNOT, organiser of victory and Six Army Corps. But creditable to Conservative Party and encouraging for those who care for reputation of House of Commons. As a rule good Ministerialists (no allusion here meant to CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES) are accustomed, with monotonous manner, to look upon the Treasury Bench and declare that whatever its occupants may do is very good. This state of discipline is, from some points of view, commendable. It has inevitable tendency to keep things dull.

With the young bloods in Ministerial camp limit of endurance reached on matter of Army Reform. When the MARKISS, after last General Election, resolved to strengthen his Ministry, his discerning eye rested with confidence on ST. JOHN BRODRICK, sometime President of the Union at Oxford. He was not a CECIL; that was a misfortune of birth beyond personal control. Under his mufti and his civilian habits the MARKISS nevertheless discovered the attributes of CARNOT, the genius of



"Barbed with deadly point, admirably delivered."

(Mr. Ernest Beckitt.)

NAPOLEON. So he made him Secretary of State for War, and before he had been in office twelve months, whilst unprepared-for war in South Africa was threatening foundations of Empire, CARNOT NAPOLEON BRODRICK had broken a few commanding officers, had turned the War Office inside out, and had created Six Army Corps, increasing the Army Estimates by a trifle of ten millions.

To-night the young bloods wake up and want to know, Where are the half-dozen Army Corps that, regardless of expense, were to awe the haughty autocrats of the Continent with their mailed fists and their million men-at-arms? There is nothing in C. N. BRODRICK reminiscent of Falstaff save his military instincts and his warlike aptitude. But thoughts of Sir JOHN's men in buckram float over back Ministerial benches as they contemplate, on the White Paper issued by the War Office, the airy host, divided for greater convenience into six Army Corps, with Lord GRENFELL entering upon command of one on April 1. (See Cartoon.)

Where congratulation to House of Commons is suggested by to-night's proceedings is in discovery of excellent debating power in unexpected quarters. YERBURGH we know, with his pleasant voice, his gentle manner, and his habit of smiling through an exceedingly damaging speech. He lifted the standard of revolt whilst the MARKISS was still with us at the Foreign Office;

did the State service by well-informed criticisms on policy in the far East. ERNEST BECKETT has spoken once or twice before, notably on his return from a visit to the Indian frontier. Never had a chance like to-night.

With House crowded from floor to topmost bench of Strangers' Gallery, with Peers' Gallery crowded, with Boss looking on, shocked to hear his colleague at the War Office spoken of with as little respect as if he were the Equator, but thanking Heaven his own place is not on the Treasury Bench, BECKETT, being very much ERNEST, made the most of his opportunity. His speech, pungent, barbed with deadly point, admirably delivered, brings him to the front as a debater. It is worth his while, by keeping in more constant touch with the House, to maintain a position achieved in an hour.

Business done.—Rather bad for the Government.

Tuesday night.—"What's the old couplet?" SARK asked, as we hurried off after the division to catch the infrequent cab:

"A woman, a spaniel and a walnut tree,
The more you beat them the better they be."

You can't add to the list 'Ministries' and make the line scan. But the moral is at least equally applicable. Here for two nights War Office scheme of Army reform been under discussion. Attack opened by usually docile followers; once in revolt they make up for long endurance by uncompromising criticism. Whilst some dozen of the ablest, best-



BR-DR-CK'S SPION KOP.

Pouring a galling fire into the War Secretary from the heights above.

(Capt. J. B. S-ly.)



The Blue-water School.

"A good Ministerialist."

(Sir J-hn C-l-mb.)

informed young Unionists denounce CARNOT NAPOLEON BRODRICK and all his works, not a single voice is uplifted in uncompromising defence. Yet, when we go to a division, in a full House of 406 Members, Ministers have a majority of 116! Last week, on such things as Housing of the Working Classes and the City connections of His Majesty's Ministers, majority ran down to 40. Here, on question admitted on all sides to be of vital national interest, a matter in which if Ministers have blundered (and no one off the Treasury Bench defends them), new departure should instantly be made, majority runs up close to maximum height."

In the City, and on some headlands of the sea-coast, one haps upon columns lifting their tall head and explaining things, whether a great fire or the memory of a great man. To-night Sir JOHN COLOMB, faithful to his patronymic, rose and answered SARK's question before it was put.

"I am," he said, "in strong and violent opposition to the Government scheme; but I shall vote against the amendment that condemns it."

There spoke the good Ministerialist. Ministers had introduced, had paid for, to the tune of ten millions a year added to the Army Estimates, an elaborate scheme of Army reform, which, whether good, bad, or indifferent, certainly could not command the approval of a single non-official Member. Condemnation was submitted in form of amendment to Address. If it were carried the Government must go; there would be a General Election, and, now there was not even "a sort of war" going on, who could say what the result might be? Profound pity; rare opportunity lost; more millions, drawn from pockets of over-taxed people, submerged; the safety of the country endangered. But if the present Government goes out, C.-B. and his more or less merry men will come in. That a consummation devoutly to be avoided.

PRINCE ARTHUR saw the strength of his position, and insisted upon it.

"This is a vote of censure," he reiterated. "Sorry you don't like BRODRICK's scheme. If you don't you must lump it, or we'll go out."

So they lumped it.

Business done.—Ministers, challenging vote of confidence on Army Reform scheme, carried it by 261 votes against 145.

Thursday night.—Through debate on Monday and Tuesday bitterest reproach was launched at Government on charge of alighting Volunteer Forces. STANLEY put up to deny the rough impeachment. "Very well," as Sir WILLIAM ALLAN says when he means very bad. But what happens two days later

to the Colonel of the Queen's West-ministers, perhaps the most martial civilian in the three kingdoms?

Rose this afternoon to move fresh amendment to Address calling for legislation restraining alien immigration. President of Board of Trade, who never set a squadron in the field, turns and rends the gallant Colonel. Whilst he, taken unawares, was thus wounded in the house of a friend, ex-President of Board—BRYCE to wit—nips in on the flank and savagely prods him. Never since Board of Trade established was there such eruption of actual and ex-Presidents. Fortunately House nearly empty. Anguish of witnessing outrage limited to less than a quorum.

What made incident more painful was the harmlessness of the victim of



Sir W-ll-m H-ro-rt thinking of the good old days of Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform.

official and ex-official indignation. It is true the dauntless Colonel had proposed legislation for a particular subject whilst Royal Commission was still engaged upon investigating it. That, he knew very well, goes to the root of constitutional government. If a Ministry, having shunted an awkward question by appointing a Royal Commission, are not to enjoy a few years' surcease of inconvenient inquiry, how is the King's Government to be carried on? Moreover, he had blurted out conviction that the Royal Commission was designed, not to inquire into the range and influence of Alien Immigration, but to hush up inquiry.

Apart from these indiscretions, HOWARD VINCENT contributed interesting results of study of the subject as close as olfactory sensibility permits. Showed

how the alien permeates the metropolis as microbes do the House of Commons. His versatility is exceeded only by his insalubrity. Disguising himself sometimes as a German waiter, anon as a tailor, occasionally as a cabman, he hustles off the pavement the honest British workman. His favourite avocation is shoe-making, as it offers opportunity of furtively sticking to someone else's last.

The Colonel hinted at fearsome story of an alien immigrant washed, curled and dressed at expense of Association located at end of Parliament Street (left-hand side going down); sent to a Yorkshire borough, and run against popular Unionist Member under old flag of Peace, Retrenchment and Reform.

Most affecting portion of address was his lament over injustice done to industrious members of the criminal classes. Foreign competition, as was shown by B. P. in last week's *Punch*, is ruining them. The comely coiner, the bashful burglar, the persuasive pickpocket, the fastidious forger, the languorous lounge at the public-house corner, are each and all being supplanted on their native soil by frowsy foreigners. At this stage of his speech the Colonel fairly broke down, which gave GERALD BALFOUR opportunity of interposing one of those remarks indigenous to the official mind.

"My hon. and gallant friend," he said, "has described the alien immigrant as landing on these shores in a state of absolute destitution. How then can he compete with the British burglar, whose business equipment requires an outlay of at least £100?"

The Colonel was too completely choked with emotion to retort with obvious inquiry, *How did GERALD BALFOUR know that?* A voice, usually adequate to circumstances, temporarily failed him. Subsiding, he made way for President of Board of Trade and his predecessor jointly to jump on him in manner described.

Business done.—Address voted. Business will now begin.

A LONG-FELT WANT.—Sir HOWARD VINCENT will be greatly obliged if the author of *The Unspeakable Scot* will kindly publish at his earliest convenience another of his comprehensive criticisms, this time under the title of *The Abominable Alien*, or, say, *The Perfectly Pestilential Pole*.

A DARING REQUEST.—*Old Lady* (to Clerk of circulating library). When your man calls next time I want him to leave me *Alone with the Hairy Aimu!*



Model (wishing to say something pleasant). "YOU MUST HAVE PAINTED UNCOMMONLY WELL WHEN YOU WERE YOUNG!"

OPERA IN TABLOID.

["Theatrical managers, realising that this is the age of condensation, have decided on grand opera in tabloid doses as the latest time-saving amusement novelty. . . . *The Bohemian Girl* has been squeezed into the space of half an hour, and a compact arrangement of *Il Trovatore* is being produced this week, in succession to compressed editions of *The Bohemian Girl* and *Maritana*."]—*Daily Paper*.]

IN pursuance of this excellent idea, we understand that the following pocket-edition of *Tannhäuser* will be produced at an early date. Its performance, owing to a further improvement in the compressing-machine, will take much less than half an hour. But, brief as it now is, the English text still preserves some of those graces of idiom and construction so familiar to opera-goers.

ACT I. SCENE 1.—*The Interior of the Hörselberg.*

Venus (recitative). Oh say, my love, where stray thy thoughts? Up is thy usual calmness broken; methinks perturbed thou art!

Tannhäuser (in the greatest commotion seizes a rapt expression and his harp).

The hour has come when I must go;
Wouldst thou the reason like to know?
Fain would I in a strain sublime
Impart it—but there is no time.
Enough, that destiny has beckoned—
Let us pass on to Scene the Second!

SCENE 2.—*A valley before the Wartberg.*

Minstrel Knights, headed by the Landgrave, sing to TANNHÄUSER. Chorus (breathlessly):

Why, yes, it is our HENRY—what an unexpected meeting!
We offer thee, with warmest thankfulness that we happened to along-at-the-precisely-right-moment-come, enthusiastic greeting!
Join thou our ranks once more! Nay, nay, no hesitation!
That it is for thee the one and only right course we are convinced, but the audience has had quite enough of this scene, and there's not a moment for explanation.

ACT II.—*The Tournament of Song.*

The Landgrave (to Minstrels). Sing ye of love!

Minstrels. Of love we sing.

Love is a highly decorous thing!

Tannhäuser. Down with this empty mockery between us!

I am a passionate devotee of Venus!

Minstrels (angrily). Let the miscreant's head be off-cut!

Elizabeth (interposing). Back, ye scoundrels!

Tannhäuser. Ah, there's a pilgrim-band! Farewell, my home!

I join the pilgrimage—I make for Rome!

ACT III.—*Valley before the Wartberg.*

Wolfram. Here are the pilgrims! But the one you cherished

Is by reason of absence conspicuous. Ah, watched! Beyond doubt thy on-altogether-inadequate-grounds-loved TANNHÄUSER has perished.

Elizabeth (aria). I am undone!

I'll be a nun!

[Exit.

* *Wolfram* (recit.). Somewhat too precipitate the maiden was; for here, if I mistake not, is the to-all-appearances-extremely-unfortunate man!

Enter TANNHÄUSER, with-the-mud-of-travel-stained.

Tannhäuser. There was no pardon for me!

Wolfram. Ah, well-a-day!

Pilgrim (entering hurriedly). A mistake! Thou pardon hast!

Wolfram. Hurrah! Hurray!

Tannhäuser. Well, there, thank Heaven, ends my foolish frenzy!

(Curtain.)

Voice from "behind." Two minutes' interval—and then we play *Rienzi*!

QUEER CALLINGS.

THE NOVELIST'S HANDY MAN.

"Ah," he said, "you have no notion what a demand there is for my services. Look at these telegrams."

He handed us a sheaf. The first was from Putney: "New spiritual romance projected. Lunch at 1." From Highgate: "Comedy of social life—twelve characters. Urgent." From Streatham: "Restoration romance. Hero's name. Reply paid." And so forth.

"Then your profession—?" we said.

"Is to find names and ideas for novelists. I have an enormous clientèle. The ordinary novelist, you know, however well he may tell a story, is a child at names and titles. And, as any publisher will tell you, these are practically everything. SHAKESPEARE may have said otherwise, but he was neither novelist nor publisher."

We hastened to agree.

"Take *Sir Richard Calmady*," he said. "That was one of my selections. LUCAS MALET wanted to call the book *The Ordeal of Richard Femoral*, but I stopped her in time. Who would have read it? No one. It gave the thing away."

We acquiesced.

"I name all Mr. HENRY JAMES's characters," he continued; "and very often his novels too. I have a season ticket to Rye. Take his *Wings of the Dove*. That was my title, or rather my amendment. He wanted to call it *The Wing of a Duck*. 'Too culinary,' I said. Wasn't I right?"

"Quite right," we said.

"Then there's A. E. W. MASON. A capital writer, but no nose for a title! He wanted to call one of his books *Miranda of the Verandah*. 'Bad,' I said; 'too jingly.' So it was changed to *Miranda of the Balcony*, and sold 50,000. But I had to begin again next time. For instance, take his last book. He wanted to call it *365 Feathers*! 'How about Leap Year?' I said. 'Well, let's call it *366 Feathers*,' was his reply; and I had the greatest difficulty in making him pluck 362 of them."

We applauded his powers of subtraction.

"Curiously obstinate fellows, these novelists," he went on. "In spite of all I could say, BARRIE would call his novel *The Little White Bird*, although, as I pointed out, everyone would buy it expecting a biography of ANNIE S. SWAN, and be grievously disappointed."

"Too true," we murmured.

"It was I," he went on, "who invented the name *Sherlock Holmes*. Also *Captain Kettle* and *HISTORICUS*. Sometimes I don't invent a new name, I merely abridge an old one. It was I who named Mr. O'CONNOR's new paper *T.P.'s Weekly*; and it was this name, I venture to state, more than anything else, which carried him through his initial difficulties."

"You must be tremendously busy," we observed.

"I should think so," was the reply. "Look at my work in the next few days. There are the telegrams to answer. Then I must drive to ANTHONY HOPE's to find him fifteen names for his new book; on to STANLEY WEYMAN's, who wants a title. SIDNEY COLVIN is thinking of taking a new pseudonym; and Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL wants two more for some new columns he is establishing. I make a speciality of pseudonyms; for it was I who invented WILLIAM LE QUEUX."

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XVIII.—FIRST AID.

It is the late afternoon of a cold grey day. A nipping wind swirls down the dreary side-street in which I find myself, a street of one row of houses only, for those on the other side have been pulled down, giving place to a poster board whose chief feature is a constant repetition of a desperate portrait in two colours of an eminent statesman in a three-and-sixpenny hat. Through gaps in the hoarding here and there may be seen a desolation of rubbish bounded by the back gardens of the next street, where lines of pegged garments sport in the wind with an utter abandonment of delicacy. At the near end of the hoarding stands a house, the last of its row, still in process of demolition, outside which a black board displays the exciting notice that there is Sand and Ballast for Sale. The only living person in sight is a dispirited-looking man with a fringe of beard round his neck in place of a collar, who, wheeling a barrow along the deeply-rutted road, is addressing to the wind a melancholy announcement of strong-growing tulips at four a penny.

I muster courage to unbutton my overcoat and produce a cigarette. A prolonged search convinces me that I have no matches. Feeling that any appeal as I pass him to the man with the barrow would impose on me the moral obligation of purchasing tulips I press on towards the top of the street. At the end of the row of uniform new red habitations (no longer disgraced by disreputable *vis-à-vis*) I find a diminutive sweet-shop, outside which a small boy on one roller-skate is gazing through the window at an assortment of "Sweet Vegetables," shaped in sugar of varying bilious hues. Entering, I ask an apparently imbecile beldame for matches and am met by a vacant stare with a suggestion of resentment in it. Evidently Sweet Vegetables with the Sand and Ballast aforementioned (not forgetting tulips) constitute the sole resources of the neighbourhood. As I leave the shop I see a tiny urchin racing towards me up the street. At a distance of about thirty yards, still running, he hails the boy on the roller-skate, who is gazing in a kind of fascinated trance at a damp-looking sugar tomato.

"DOUGLAS! Man fell down an' cut 'is 'ead!"

The herald of this glorious news turns and races back down the street again.

"DOUGLAS" awakes immediately from his trance, and propels himself hurriedly in pursuit of his friend towards an attraction superior even to Sweet Vegetables.

I turn and follow the pair, though sadly outdistanced, to where a little knot of people has gathered round some object on the ground just beneath the Sand and Ballast board.

Lying on his back in the road is a bulky man in corduroys and knee-straps; his cap has fallen off, and from the back of his head a thin stream of blood is trickling on to the ground. With every sympathetic intention I cannot help noticing the fact that the prostrate gentleman is snoring to a degree that would seem hardly in keeping with any very serious suffering.

"Cut 'is 'ead, pore feller!" observes a bare-armed lady in a cricket cap—who looks very much as if she is about to bowl to somebody—to a small girl with a scanty pig-tail, who, with the two urchins, a man smoking a clay pipe with his hands in his pockets, and the dispirited tulip-vendor (standing by his barrow and scratching his ear vaguely) form the group of on-lookers. "That's these slippery roads. It's too bad, pore feller!"

The man with the clay pipe removes it for a moment.

"'E's boozed," he observes, somewhat enviously as it seems to me.

I personally am inclined to believe his explanation, for a glance at him convinces me that he knows what he is talking about.

The Lady Cricketer casts at him a look of withering contempt.

"Pore feller," she repeats, "it's too bad!" I am rather curious to know what it is that is too bad, but the lady does not enlighten us.

At this moment there is a new arrival on the scene in the person of a little man in a bowler hat and greasy black tail-coat and waistcoat, which latter, being cut very low, affords a view, as he wears no collar or tie, of a wealth of grey flannel shirt, surmounted by a large bone stud.



JOE—ON THE LINE.

Joe (airily). "STILL A GOOD MANY CLOUDS ABOUT; BUT IT IS DECIDEDLY CLEARER IN THE SOUTH SINCE I CROSSED THE LINE TWO MONTHS AGO!"

"Stend awye there!" cries the newcomer authoritatively. "Stend awye from the man!" Then turns fiercely on the smaller of the two boys. "Give 'im air, there!" he commands sternly.

It occurs to me, as I tighten my coat-collar, that if the insensible gentleman is at all of my own way of thinking, he has got all the air he wants.

The Lady Cricketer is plainly impressed by the new arrival.

"'E's a doctor, ELLEN," she hazards with awe.

"Somebody fetch a pleeceman," instructs Flannel Shirt.

Nobody seems anxious to make a move. Flannel Shirt repeats his command, singling out the boy with the roller-skate. "DOUGLAS" turns to his smaller companion.

"Fetch a copper, 'ERBY," he enjoins.

"'ERBY" seems disinclined to give up his privilege as a spectator. Everybody, except the man with the clay pipe, turns on him.

"Go orn!" they cry indignantly.

"'ERBY" retires unwillingly. Flannel Shirt is kneeling by the insensible man, and examining his head.

"Skelp wound," he observes sagely.

The Lady Cricketer in conference with the small girl has no longer any hesitation in awarding Flannel Shirt his M.D. The tulip-vendor brings his barrow nearer.

"'Oo's got a pair o' scissors?" demands Flannel Shirt.

"DOUGLIS" volunteers to fetch a pair from the sweet-shop, and, rumbling across to the pavement, skates officiously off on one leg up the street.

"Woddyerwant scissors for?" inquires the man with the clay pipe.

"Cut the hair awye," replies Flannel Shirt.

"Garn, 'e's boozed," returns the other, replacing his pipe.

Flannel Shirt dips his finger in the little stream of blood and holds it up.

"Woddyer call thet?" he demands emphatically.

"Bleed," returns the other cheerfully.

"Bleed," assents Flannel Shirt.

"Woddyerwant say the man's boozed for?"

The Lady Cricketer is quite triumphant at this victory. The man with the clay pipe is not disturbed.

"Boozed," he repeats, smoking with placidity, but is regarded now as beneath notice.

"DOUGLIS" returns with the scissors, from which it would appear that there are ways of reaching the imbecile beldame's comprehension. Flannel Shirt, still kneeling, proceeds to cut a liberal supply of hair from the crown of the injured man's head.

"Cold water," he demands, as he snips away busily.

This would seem to be a rare commodity in the neighbourhood, everybody looking very helpless at the request. The tulip-vendor is evidently so surprised that he cannot believe his ears, and appeals to the Lady Cricketer to confirm his impression. Eventually "DOUGLIS" is commissioned to fetch some from the house opposite.

"A cold water bendige I'm goin' ter make," explains Flannel Shirt, surveying with satisfaction the large bald space which he has cleared on his patient's head. "'Oo's got a 'ankerchief?"

This also appears to be a rarity, until at last, after a great deal of fumbling, the tulip-vendor produces what looks to me like a lamp-cloth, though it might possibly be a napkin which has been used to clean a bicycle. At the same time "DOUGLIS" appears from the house, propelling himself on his one skate, with a pail containing enough water, I should say, to clean an omnibus. As he reaches the group his skate catches in one of the ruts in the road, and he stumbles forward, pail and all, on top of Flannel Shirt and his patient.

There is a volley of maledictions from Flannel Shirt, immediately followed by a louder uproar as the patient sits up, then staggers to his feet, pouring forth a torrent of profanity, and faces the man with the clay pipe.

"Easy, ole feller, 'tain't nothin' ter do with me," observes the latter.

"'Oo's bin an' threw water on me?" demands the patient wildly.

"There 'e is," replies the other, indicating Flannel Shirt with the stem of his pipe. "Same that's give yer yer 'aircut."

The patient, declaiming freely, turns on Flannel Shirt, then lifts his hand uncertainly towards his head.

"Orl right, ole man," says Flannel Shirt in offended tones, "I was only 'elpin' of yer. Orl right—keep yer 'air on—"

The patient, who has just discovered the complete nakedness of the back of his scalp, becomes livid. With a flood of blasphemy he aims a terrific blow at the head of Flannel Shirt, who ducks just in time, with the result that the patient loses his balance and falls to the ground again.

While he is still making ineffectual efforts to rise, "ERBY" arrives with the policeman, who, after an instantaneous diagnosis, picks up the patient's cap, then the patient himself, and marches him off towards the main road, followed by two enthralled small boys.

"Black List fer 'im," observes the man with the clay pipe dispassionately to Flannel Shirt, who, wiping his clothing mechanically with the tulip-

vendor's lampcloth, is staring blankly after the group,—"thet's wot yer've done fer 'im, mate," and slouches off in the opposite direction.

I leave the others and retrace my steps up the street. At the top I pause and look back. My late companions have disappeared. It is nearly dark. Far down the street a solitary lamp-lighter has just shed a yellow glow upon the board announcing that there is Sand and Ballast for Sale.

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR GIRLS.

[Mr. G. H. ELLWANGER has just published a book entitled *Pleasures of the Table*, in which he says, "There is no such thing as fine modern English cookery." He appeals to woman to free us from this reproach. Will she not imitate Miss GLASSE's devotion to the "fundamental happiness of mankind" by inventing new sauces, instead of giving her energies to "flounces or the study of metaphysics?" "It is unquestionably to woman that we must look for the improvement of cookery."]

THERE are no cooks in England—none.

A sad and weary sameness pervades our dining-rooms with un-imaginative tameness.

The JONES's dinner, which I eat To-night with pain and sorrow, I shall inevitably meet

At ROBINSON's to-morrow.

The skill which made the steak a dream,

The bold imagination Which made the common cutlet seem A poet's inspiration;

The hand of cunning which could call From simple fowl and bacon Ambrosial savours—have they all These prosy shores forsaken?

Up, Woman, up! Behold thy sphere!

The saucepan and the kettle Provide a glorious career For any girl of mettle.

Then wherefore ape the poet's part By scribbling songs and ballads? More deep and subtle is the art Of mayonnaising salads.

Ah, do not seek to wring from men

The suffrage, I implore you, Nor aim at County Councils when You've nobler aims before you. Why study Conic Sections? Stop For ever stewing Plato, And learn instead to grill the chop, And boil the new potato.

SCENE—At a Tobacconist's.

Customer (who likes something uncommonly strong—inspecting samples of cigars). Ah—these won't do—too mild—show me some of your regular "roofers."

Shopman. Sorry, Sir, we don't keep 'em; but ("happy thought") I can show you any amount of Floras.



THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

(Old *Æsop* in Modern Fashion.)

[The latest fashion is for ladies to wear imitation bunches of grapes on their dresses.]